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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

21 THAMES STREET.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the *Providence Journal*, and is the only one printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, reliable and valuable. It contains a large amount of advertising, and is a valuable medium for the advertiser.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.
MAYERS' LODGE, No. 83, N. E. C. of P., John J. Sanborn, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evening in each month.
181st NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evening of each month.
RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Bliss, Warden; Commander Robert S. Franklin, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Thursday evening of each month.
DAVIS LODGE, No. 14, U. B. K., E. H. Knight, Captain; George A. Wilcox, Everett L. Horton, Recorder; meets 1st Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT GOLF, No. 267, M. W. A., A. A. Page, V. C. Conant, Charles S. Parker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Thursday evening of each month.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2nd and 4th Thursday in each month.

Local Matters.

Street Railroads.

The Newport and Bristol Ferry Street Railway Company has been granted the charter asked for by the General Assembly, and it is said that the organization under the charter will take place at an early day. The promoters of this enterprise claim to have the money in sight with which to build the road and construct the steam ferry across to the Bristol side of the bay. They say that work is to commence at once and claim that it will be running early this summer. An amendment was also granted to the charter of the Newport and Fall River Street Railroad, by which this company has permission to build through Tiverton to Little Compton. This extension must be made within a year. This ought to be a popular route. Col. Henry T. Sisson, of Little Compton, has labored many years for a road to his part of the state. Perhaps his wish may now be gratified.

Tuesday night a large vestibule car on the Island road on its way from this city to Fall River left the rails near the top of Quaker Hill while running at a good rate of speed. It struck a tree and tore it up, then crashed into a stone wall. Several passengers were badly shaken up but none are believed to be seriously injured. Mrs. Thomas C. Sherman and her sister, Miss Caswell, of this city, were among the injured. Motorman Littlefield suffered a painful sprain.

The Newport Business Men's Association has adopted resolutions in favor of widening Thames street from Swan Avenue to Washington square and has appointed a special committee to urge such action. The committee consists of Messrs. Edward A. Brown, John W. Covel, Joseph P. Cotton, A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., and H. A. Peckham.

At the regular meeting of St. John's Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., held Monday night, Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island, J. Ellery Hudson, accompanied by the Deputy Grand Master, Wm. H. Scott, paid the lodge an official visit. The third degree was conferred. A collation was served and interesting addresses were made.

On another page of this paper will be found a portion of Captain R. P. Hobson's personal narrative of the sinking of the *Merrimac*. It makes interesting reading and it is said that Hobson is as good a speaker as he is a writer. He will be heard at the Newport Opera House on Friday evening, April 18.

Five shares of stock of the Aqueduct National Bank were sold at auction on Monday to J. Alton Barker at \$65. Seven shares of First National Bank were sold to E. A. Sherman at \$181, and eight shares of the same to George E. Vernon at \$102.25.

The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, New England Order of Protection, held its annual meeting in Providence on Wednesday. All the reports showed the Order to be in a very healthy and prosperous condition. A substantial growth has been made the past year.

County Club Entertains.

The Members of the Newport Business Men's Association are Guests of the Younger Club.

The pool and whist teams of the Newport Business Men's Association and the Newport County Club met for the second time on Tuesday evening, the matches for this occasion being played in the new rooms of the County Club. A large number of the members of the visiting club attended to watch the play, and were entertained by the hosts.

The whist match was played in the large music room on the lower floor, eight tables being engaged. The teams were made up as follows: Business Men's Association—Darius Baker and T. H. Steadman, Sanford T. Giddings and H. A. Peckham; John B. Durfee and Peter Pierber, R. Howard Clarke and William H. Clarke, H. B. Congdon and John B. Cullay, B. H. Sherman and J. P. Cotton, A. S. Benson and H. C. Stevens, J. E. K. Stevens and James S. Peckham; County Club—C. W. Cranfield and David Stevens, Allen Woodland and John H. Sweet, Jr., Harry R. Weaver and Charles Knowe, Frank N. Fullerton and R. G. Bliss, J. D. Atwater and G. E. Houghton, J. J. D. Cronin and M. S. Briggs, J. Frank Albro and J. E. Nelson, Robert Moxley and D. P. McCarthy.

The Business Men's Association won the whist match by 23 points. The interest of the spectators from both clubs centered in the pool games. The individual matches were generally quite close and consequently very interesting. At this the County Club players were the winners, the scores being as follows:

County Club: W. P. Clarke, 50; J. H. Wetherill, 41; R. H. Hildreth, 50; W. G. Cozzens, 41; J. H. Clarke, 50; U. G. Nelson, 41. Business Men: J. G. H. Brown, 50; J. H. Wetherill, 41; R. H. Hildreth, 50; W. G. Cozzens, 41; J. H. Clarke, 50; U. G. Nelson, 41.

Templar Entertainment.

Washington Commandery, at its meeting on Wednesday evening, voted unanimously to invite the members of Sutton Commandery of New Bedford, and Godfrey Delbouillon of Fall River, and their ladies to visit Newport on the evening of April 7, when they will be entertained by the members of Washington Commandery and their ladies. A large committee has been appointed to receive the visitors and it is the intention of the Commandery to make this one of the finest entertainments ever given by the Templars of Newport. The evening will be devoted to Templar whist, supper and dancing. The Seventh Artillery orchestra, thirteen pieces, has been engaged for the occasion. The guests will come by special train on the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., arriving here at about 7:45 p. m., and returning at an early hour in the morning.

It has been some little time now since the Jeter family have given one of their delightful concerts in this city, although the various members have kept in practice by appearing in public at various intervals in New England at frequent intervals. For this reason it is probable that they will be greeted by a large audience when they give their vocal and instrumental concert at the St. John Baptist church. This concert will take place on Thursday evening, March 27, and the proceeds will be devoted to the chandelier fund. An interesting programme has been arranged, and every number will be found highly pleasing. The Jeter family never gave a poor concert. Refreshments will be on sale after the entertainment.

Private George T. Linwood of the Seventy-eighth battery of Coast Artillery, who died at Fort Adams, was a native of New Hampshire. The remains were escorted to the train on Tuesday by a detachment from his company, the line being headed by the Seventh Artillery band. The body was taken to East Kingston, N. H., for interment.

Grand Master Lincoln of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, I. O. O. F., accompanied by a board of grand officers, paid an official visit to Rhode Island Lodge to this city Monday evening. At the completion of the work, supper was served and remarks were made by the visitors and officers of the lodge.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich has accepted an invitation to deliver the centennial address at the East Greenwich Academy, of which he is a graduate.

Channing Bliss, son of Charles Rice, janitor of the custom house, was accidentally shot in the thigh while gunning last Sunday.

Mr. R. P. Lee, formerly superintendent of the Newport street railway, has been in town this week.

General Assembly.

As the time for adjournment draws near the volume of business before the legislature increases. Several important measures have been acted on this week. On Tuesday a constitutional amendment was offered which extends liability to pay a poll tax to all male residents over 21 years of age. The bill to prevent the desecration of the flag has caused considerable annoyance to certain interested parties in the northern part of the state and two more bills with slightly changed provisions have been introduced to offset the first.

On Wednesday the Tiverton Police Commission bill was introduced by Representative Frost of that town. Another measure, compels street railway companies to enclose platforms on new cars after Nov. 1 next; during the months from November 1st to April 1st the special order for the day, the bill regulating attendance of children in the public schools, was passed with some small amendments. A resolution came into the House appropriating \$2500 for work on the State Sanatorium for Consumptives under the direction of a commission created by its resolution.

A considerable portion of the time of the Senate on Thursday was given over to a discussion of the bill to increase the capital stock of the Providence Gas Company, and other corporations, of Providence and vicinity attracted much attention. The Lodging House bill passed the House and the act giving Providence permission to transfer to the United States Government a post office site on Exchange place was recommended from the judiciary committee and placed on the calendar. Numerous petitions for the Barber's bill were received by the House, and in the Senate the same method of asking for the 10-hour law for street railway employees was used. The bill regarding safety appliances on elevators passed the upper branch and is now with the House committee on judiciary.

Recent Deaths.

Andrew J. Greene.
Mr. Andrew J. Greene, who died at the residence of his son, Mr. Fred W. Greene on Friday night of last week, had been a man of much prominence in the state. He was for many years engaged in business in Providence as a manufacturing jeweler and did a large business. For the past year he had resided in this city for the benefit of his health, but failed to find improvement. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Providence, of the Franklin Lyceum, Rhode Island Agricultural Society, Rhode Island Horticultural Society, and Marine Artillery of Providence. He was a brother-in-law of U. S. Senator Nelson W. Aldrich. He leaves a widow and three children, Mr. Frederick W. Greene, of this city, Mr. Frank Greene, and Miss Lucy E. Greene of Denver. His widow also resides in Denver.

The remains were taken to Providence for interment at the city cemetery. The new quarters, which Mr. James P. Taylor will shortly occupy in the Queen Anne building, are being very attractively arranged for him. Mr. Taylor will have modern conveniences which his old store has lacked, such as steam heat, electric light, etc. The store is very deep and at the rear has ample space for storage purposes, and the building is well lighted. Special show cases have been built in New York and will add to the convenience as well as attractiveness of the store. The many customers who have patronized this establishment for many years will find in the more commodious apartments the same courteous treatment and strict integrity that they have known in the old.

Mr. W. R. Thompson, novelty juggler, has been engaged as an extra attraction for the entertainment which Charles E. Lawton Post are to hold on Friday evening, March 28, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Thompson is said to be a skillful manipulator of a variety of articles, late member of HMP's New York stars. The act must be seen to be appreciated and is full of many surprises. The entertainment is for the benefit of the sick fund and relief of the Lawton Post and it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

Last night at "Sunnyfields" Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter gave a whist party in honor of Mr. John Gilpin, the veteran newspaper correspondent of Newport. The company with the exception of Mr. Gilpin was made up of Middletown and Portsmouth people. The decorations were on an elaborate scale, and the company enjoyed the occasion very much.

Malbone Lodge No. 63, New England Order of Protection, held an interesting meeting in MERCURY Hall, Thursday night, and closed with an oyster supper. This lodge has been growing quite rapidly in the last few months.

Johnston Mill Burned.

Spectacular Fire Destroys Planing Mill in the Midst of Cluster of Wooden Buildings—Large Loss and Small Insurance—Two Other Fires this Week.

That the many valuable wooden buildings in the region of Mr. J. D. Johnston's property on Mill and Pelham streets are standing today uninjured by fire is due to just one thing—the prompt, intelligent and fearless activity of Newport's fire department. With a large three-story planing mill shooting forth volumes of flame in the midst of a cluster of large wooden buildings filled with inflammable material, it was the belief of all persons on the spot that several more buildings were certainly doomed to destruction. But the well directed efforts of the trained fire fighters confined the flames to the one building; but there the loss was total.

It was about 2:20 o'clock Tuesday afternoon that the number 82 was sounded on the fire alarm. The apparatus responded promptly and found the large three-story mill owned by J. D. Johnston on Mill street to be a seething furnace. Chief Kirwin, was quickly on hand, took in the dangerous character of the fire at a glance, and immediately turned in a second alarm, followed quickly by a general alarm calling the entire department to the scene. From that time until late in the afternoon there was hard, dangerous work for the firemen in fighting the worst fire Newport has known since the destruction of the Ocean House.

It was about 2:20 o'clock that some of the men in the building, about fifteen in number, smelled smoke and on investigation found a small fire in the room near the electric machinery. Their effort to extinguish the fire was hopelessly ineffectual, and the flames spread with such almost incredible rapidity through the shavings and dry lumber that the men were obliged to abandon tools and even outer clothing in the effort to reach the open air before being overcome. One man, who made more determined effort to save his personal belongings, succeeded in reaching the street but was quickly revived. Like the others he lost all.

As soon as possible an alarm was sent in and when the department arrived the interior of the building was a seething furnace. Black smoke, of impenetrable density, rolled forth from the doors, now and then followed by a burst of flame which again faded to reappear with increased ferocity. The smoke was suffocating, and as it beat down upon the men directing the stream from the wooden ladders they were forced to fall back until another full charge of water was sent on it. Fortunately during the early progress of the fire the small room on the second floor occupied as an office, was untouched by the flames and the employees of the mill were able to bring out from there many valuable plans and the books of the establishment.

It was about 30 minutes after the sounding of the first alarm that the flames burst through the roof, leaping high into the air. A moderate breeze prevailed from the west and fanned the flames. Adjoining the mill on the east is a small store house and next to this stands Mr. Johnston's residence. When the fire came through the roof it appeared as though both these buildings were doomed. The Johnston house is also occupied by the family of James B. Brayton, and Mrs. Brayton, who is seriously ill, was carefully removed to the residence of Mrs. Harris across the street. Then many hands undertook the task of removing the contents of the house and the rooms were quickly stripped of all their belongings. At the rear of the mill also there were large wooden buildings which were in imminent danger.

It was at this time, when the condition appeared the most serious, that the best work of the firemen was done. All the buildings in the immediate vicinity were covered with streams of water and their roof and sides kept constantly wet. Then, while roofs and walls of the burning structure were falling, threatening serious injury to the men, the work of pouring water into the seething flames, was continued at close range. The high chimney fell to the eastward with a crash, carrying down everything in its path. Chief Kirwin directed that the walls be reduced as quickly as possible and himself performed the crowning feat of the day by climbing up the burning building and attaching a rope to its highest point.

From that time on the department had the fire thoroughly in hand. As the walls were lowered the fierceness of the flames became less and danger to surrounding buildings was removed. The furniture was returned to the Johnston house and Mrs. Brayton was carried back, apparently little the worse for her hasty removal. As the fire was brought down the department was ordered away company by company, although many remained on duty until late in the evening. At two o'clock in the morning the force on duty was reduced to one company which continued to pour water into the smoldering masses of half burned lumber. It was not until late on Wednesday that the last detail was finally ordered away.

The loss to Mr. Johnston is a serious one. He estimates his total loss at fully \$30,000, including building and contents, while the total insurance is but \$1000. The estimate of loss sustained by the employees, including their clothing and tools on which there was no insurance, is placed at \$3,000. The mill was built a number of years ago at a cost of \$2,000 and was equipped with every device to prevent fire, including fireproof paper under the sheathing of the walls and fireproof paint on the exterior. The roof was of slate, which did much to prevent the flying of dangerous sparks. The contents included, besides a valuable assortment of woodworking machinery, much valuable lumber for interior fittings at the cottages of the summer residents.

Mr. Johnston intends to rebuild, constructing the new building of brick or stone and making it as nearly fireproof as possible. What insurance he had was placed through the agency of Mr. A. S. Sherman.

Ocean House Stables Burned.
About nine hours previous to the fire at the Johnston mill there was a two alarm fire on Berkeley avenue. One of the old unoccupied structures known as the Ocean House stables was totally destroyed by a fire which was probably of incendiary origin. An alarm was sounded from Box 53 about 5:30 Tuesday morning, and the many sparks from the fire, which threatened neighboring buildings, led Chief Kirwin to call upon the apparatus by sounding a second alarm. The fire was not while it lasted but quickly burned itself out, the firemen preventing its spread to other property.

A slight fire in the same place was extinguished by neighbors on the previous evening. It is quite generally believed that the incendiary returned and finished his work Tuesday morning.

Fire at Cloyne School.
Shortly after daylight Thursday morning an alarm was sounded from Box 18 for a fire in the Cloyne school on Third street. Some of the apparatus mistook the box and went in the wrong direction and several pieces were stopped and ordered home before reaching the scene. The fire was a slight one in a closet at the school and has been attributed to spontaneous combustion. It was extinguished by the fire brigade of the school.

Schreier's Easter Attraction.

On Wednesday and Thursday next the annual opening of Spring Millinery will take place at Schreier's well known establishment. It is needless to say what is already a well known fact, that this house has a reputation that merits for it success. Here can be found all the desires for those who are looking for head-gear. The quality, style and makeup and last but not least the prices are within reach of all.

The opening days will up doubt attract many, especially those who will want a new hat or toque for Easter Sunday.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

C. H. Wrightington has rented the lower half of the house No. 23 Bridge street to Michael Lyons for Mrs. John B. Groll of Middletown.

C. H. Wrightington has sold for the estate of Noah Redford their property on Bath road known as the "Central House" to Mrs. Isabella Finnegan. The property is bounded northerly, 23 feet by land of the A. P. Sherman estate, southerly, 23 feet on Bath road, easterly, 131 feet on land formerly of John Smith, and westerly, on land formerly of John Jackson 129 feet containing about 3625 square feet of land.

William R. Travers and William A. Duer, executors of the estate of Maria L. Travers, have sold to Ellen T. Duer the one-seventh interest of Susan Travers in the estate, 103 by 63 feet, on Francis street and Rhode Island avenue, and also in the Travers block property, confirming the deed of the same given by Susan Travers March 3.

David E. Braman has sold to Edward Hland the lot bounded north, 50 feet, on Walnut street; east, 67 feet, and south, 40 feet, on land of the grantor, and west, 67 feet, on land of Goldie.

William Marcus Borden and wife have sold to George W. Williams, for \$2,150, the estate bounded north, 60 feet, on Bliss road; east, 100 feet, and south, 60 feet, on land of S. H. Whitwell and another, and west, 100 feet, by land of William Findlay.

Mrs. E. J. Herick has rented her cottage on the south west corner of Parker avenue and Clay street, known as "Daisy Bank" to Miss Georgiana King for the coming season.

Middletown.

Court of Probate.—The regular monthly session of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, when the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Lucy Ada Freeborn. The first and final account of Lewis L. Simmons per Administrator was examined, allowed and ordered readed.

Estate of William H. Bliss. Martha C. Bliss his widow on her petition was allowed the furniture included in the inventory of said estate and granted the sum of \$300.00 for the support of said estate.

Estate of Cynthia A. Peckham. William Spooner, Executor of her will presents his first and final account which is referred to the third Monday of April with an order of notice.

Estate of Ann Sarah Peckham. The first and final account of Nathaniel Peckham, Administrator with will annexed is referred to the third Monday of April and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Herbert Baiker. Cornelia A. Baiker, as Administratrix presents her first and final account which is continued, and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

In Town Council.—Accounts for removing snow from the highway deposited by the storm of February 15, aggregating \$286.30, were allowed and ordered paid and included the following:

John H. Spooner, Surveyor of Road District No. 1 \$44.30; C. Henry Congdon, Surveyor of Road District No. 2, \$50.15; James H. Barker, Surveyor of Road District No. 3, \$70.70; Charles A. Peckham, Surveyor of Road District No. 4, \$81.15.

Other accounts were presented by C. H. Congdon for highway repairs \$77.70, by Charles A. Peckham for same \$56.20; Joel Peckham for services as superintendent of schools and Clerk of School Committee, \$101.00; John D. Blair for services as Town Sergeant, \$18.60; Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr., services as Trustee, Officer \$22.00; Joshua Coggeshall, services as member of school committee etc. \$7.00; John D. Blair, bounty due sundry persons for killing 16 skunks and 4 minks \$12.00; Accounts for the relief of the poor \$39.60; Total, \$591.20.

Margaret A. Vanleck presented a statement of damages done to her geese by dogs amounting to \$1.00. Her claim was allowed and she was granted an order on the dog fund.

Denims J. Murphy, on his petition was granted permission to move a dwelling house from its present location on the North Weymouth road to other land of his on the south side of the same road.

A petition was received from Harriet E. Brownell for a proposition to be submitted at the annual town meeting in April, to appropriate \$1,000, for the improvement of the west end of the highway of the north side of Eastward Beach, which passes around the Haugland Rocks, and a similar petition was presented by Clinton G. Smith and others for the submission of a proposition to appropriate \$1,000 for filling and stoning that part of Green End Avenue at the base of Honeyman's Hill. As usual the roads have been generally denuded by the action of the frost during the past three weeks, and in some instances the upheavals have rendered travel quite perilous. At present, however, the roads have nearly regained their normal state, barring many ruts and holes and loose loose stones. The effect of this denudement was to emphasize the appearance of stone roads during the winter and early spring and some of the advocates of stone roads declared their willingness to vote an appropriation of \$15,000 at the annual town meeting in April for the construction of macadam roads. Not so many years ago the appropriation has been \$5,000 but on Monday the Council decided to ask of the electors an increase of \$1,000 for the next municipal year ending April 2.

The Town Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Canvassers, on next Friday afternoon at two o'clock, when the voting lists will be canvassed and completed for the annual town meeting to be held on April 2.

Portsmouth.

The farmers have begun their spring carting of fertilizer. Nine carloads of fertilizer arrived at Bradford station on Saturday of last week.

The piece of land which Portsmouth Grange voted to buy to erect a hall on is opposite the residence of Mr. Warren H. Sherman.

There is to be a freight room, a trunk room, an office, and a waiting room in the new depot at Bradford station at Portsmouth Grove.

The wood carving class of 14, which has been given gratuitous instruction during the winter by Mrs. John M. Eldridge at the Baylies cottage, was given a reception, Tuesday evening, and Rev. J. H. Dennis gave a very interesting talk to the boys on his trip to the Bermudas.

Flat fish are now running and large catches are reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller will sail for Europe from New York on Saturday, March 29.

Postmaster A. F. Marvel, of South Portsmouth, has leased the house recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Parker Sherman at Quaker hill.

The following officers were elected at the quarterly conference of the Methodist church, Monday evening: Stewards—B. F. Pierce, H. S. Grinnell, R. S. Chace, H. M. Wyatt, C. H. Borden, T. D. Fuller, S. P. Fish. Trustees—H. Hedley, L. D. Tallman, M. S. Oliveira, Willard S. Brayton, Geo. F. Grinnell, R. M. Wyatt, R. S. Chace, H. C. Hedley.

Mayor Royle has appointed the following board of examiners of plumbers: Michael F. Kelley, to serve until January 1, 1903; John L. Butler, to January 1, 1904; Edward W. Openshaw, to January 1, 1905. All the appointees have qualified.

A WOMAN'S RISK

As a female performer is greater than a man's. She must have a man's courage and a man's muscle to succeed. But she must also work under conditions of which a man knows nothing. Many an accident to women acrobats must be attributed to the sudden weakness to which all women are subject at certain times.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription heals the diseases which cause weakness. It establishes regularity, cures weakening, dries, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"With pleasure I write to-day in praise of Dr. Pierce's medicine," says Mrs. Mary Conway, of Appleton, Lawrence Co., Tenn. "I was troubled with female disease; the back of my head hurt me so I could not lie in bed and I would have to sit up, and then I would have such pain from my waist down I could scarcely raise up. My feet and hands would feel almost like ice. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I can sleep well at night. Could hardly drag around before I took your medicine, and now can do my housework and help my husband in the field. Words cannot express the thanks I owe to Dr. Pierce."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and is handled confidentially. Address Dr. K. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a thousand large pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. K. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent less than our regular price. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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Blank books, wholesale or retail, on hand or made to any desired pattern. Blank Binding, Paper Binding, Green Binding, Blue Binding, Machine Perforating and Paper Cutting. H. M. CORDISH & CO., Binders to the State.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or extensive business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

GOLDBECK'S

Diastatic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food, converting it into desirable nourishment, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, due to organic disease or indigestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphate to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Directions:—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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Forward

Corinth

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GRANT'S victory at Fort Donelson, Tennessee, in February, 1862, pushed the war in the west rapidly to a crisis. Mutual interest led the opposing armies to aim for Corinth, Miss. The Confederates had for months been attempting to keep up a line along the border of Tennessee and Kentucky too extensive for the force they had in the field. General Albert Sidney Johnston, the southern leader, had long seen the folly of it from a military point of view and the moment the line was broken by reverses at Fort Henry and Donelson drew his army back to a shorter line. This was a concentration of strength, the better to cope with Grant.

When the citizens of Tennessee saw the Confederate army vanishing from the border and the country given up to the Yankees, they turned against Johnston and demanded of President Davis that he be removed. Davis promptly answered, "If Johnston is no general, we have none and may as well stop the war right where it is." He did not remove him. Months before the issue was tried out on the border Johnston had figured out the probabilities of the situation. The north had the most men, it had rivers leading into the Confederate territory, and it had boats to carry men and guns. As sure as two and two make four the south must have more men and more boats with guns in them or give up the whole of central and western Tennessee. He studied the lay of the land and, placing his finger upon Corinth, said, "Here a decisive battle will be fought."

As soon, then, as battle reverses warranted a backward step Johnston said, "On to Corinth!" and the Federal armies, elated by the triumph at Donelson, took up the watchword, "Forward to Corinth!" Corinth was nothing in itself—simply a railroad junction. But the railroads tapped the east and south, making rail communications from the Mississippi to the Atlantic seaboard and from the gulf to the Ohio river. A Confederate army patrolled Mississippi, ready to rally upon any threatened point. To move that force north and try to save Tennessee would be to leave Corinth exposed on the west and south. Johnston chose to abandon Tennessee, concentrate at Corinth and, after defeating the Federal armies in that region, recover the lost ground. He came so near doing it that only a stray bullet stood in the way.

Grant was on the shelf when Johnston started by a roundabout road to

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

March 17 to April 5, 1862

get at the enemy's scattered troops and smash them in detail. This question Halleck had made easy by rushing Smith's column forward toward Corinth while the supporting column under General Don Carlos Buell was following forward in the same direction from its camp in central Tennessee.

When Grant reached the front at Savannah, Tenn., thirty-two miles from Corinth, on the Tennessee river, the troops at hand consisted of the Army of the Tennessee. There were five divisions led by Lew Wallace, W. H. L. Wallace, Sherman, Hurlburt and McClelland. It was this army that Johnston hoped to smash before the Army of the Ohio, 40,000 strong, could reach the battlefield.

Johnston's anxiety about the Federals using gunboats on the rivers to support the marching of land troops was not without reason. About March 1 Beauregard had sent a battery to take position on high ground, overlooking Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee river, nine miles above Savannah and twenty-three miles below Corinth. Two Federal gunboats—the Tyler and the Lexington—which had been with Grant at Fort Henry, steamed up one day and drove the battery away. The boats then patrolled the river, and Grant's first step on reaching Savannah was to order the divisions of the Army of the Tennessee to Pittsburg Landing. He did not move his own headquarters there, but remained at Savannah waiting the arrival of Buell.

Johnston had his army in hand before the end of March. He knew the situation of Grant's divisions, which were much scattered on the plateau back of Pittsburg Landing. On April 2 he heard that Buell had been delayed many marches away by waiting to build bridges. The hour had come to strike and annihilate Grant while he stood alone, then fall upon Buell, rout him and follow the defeated troops back into Tennessee. The hour had come, and the situation of the Federals at Pittsburg Landing was one to invite attack.

The camping ground of Grant's army was protected from attack above and below the Landing by an impassable creek upon either flank, but back from the river the ground was comparatively open toward Corinth. The wide space between the creeks and their tributaries might easily have been fortified, for there was plenty of timber standing close to the ridges which would have been crowned with works, but Grant was looking forward to Corinth, where the enemy was entrenched, and intended to make the battle there. He said that he had no fear of Johnston coming out of his intrenchments to make an attack when he must know that by remaining in them the Federals would come up and make the attack. His engineer also reported that intrenchments could not be placed favorable for the shelter and welfare of his men, so they were left to meet their fate in open field.

Grant went by steamer from Savannah to Pittsburg Landing every day and at night returned to his headquarters. Johnston gave the order to march against Grant in ample time, as it seemed to strike the Landing the morning of Saturday, April 5. His army was divided into three corps, under Polk, Bragg and Hardee, with a reserve under Breckinridge. It numbered between 40,000 and 50,000 men, perhaps 40,000 fighters. Grant had at the Landing then about the same number, and the help from Buell, almost in sight at the moment, was 25,000. It is fascinating to speculate upon the fate of Grant's army if Johnston had had his way in springing the attack early the morning of April 5. On Thursday and Friday Federal cavalry scouting at the front ran into the enemy and drew back. On Saturday there were more collisions at the front, and Sherman, whose line was at the extreme front, changed his cavalry outposts. Sherman reported to Grant that day to the effect that all was quiet, but the enemy was in some force about five miles away. The same day Grant sent word to Halleck that the main Confederate army was at Corinth and numbered 80,000.

At the moment of these assuring dispatches from Sherman to Grant and from Grant on to his chief Hardee's corps was on the ground, where it had deployed early Saturday morning for attack, and the other corps were moving to position a few hours later. Johnston at the time was riding in person to the belated divisions to hurry them to the field. Riders galloped in all directions to hasten the march, but Polk and Bragg were not in place until 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. It was then raining and Breckinridge's reserve still in the rear, having been stuck in the mud.

With a fortified place to storm the evening hour would have been favorable, but Johnston looked for an all day fight over a wide field well known by the enemy, but strange ground to his own troops. Reluctantly he suspended the attack until daylight Sunday morning and sent the troops into bivouac for rest.

On Friday evening Grant had been injured by having his horse slip and fall with him and on Saturday was suffering from a painful strain of the foot, which compelled him to move about with crutches. Everything was favorable for Johnston's telling blow except the driving rain and the muddy roads, which had delayed his troops.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

THE SPUR OF FATE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

elve Ivan Getchikoff mounted upon a horse and wearing the uniform of a brigadier. Evidently the fiasco had enjoyed recent promotion. Surrounded by his staff, he took up a position within fifty yards of Darrell's window, and the troops passed before him in review.

With no clear notion of the usefulness of the proceeding, but desiring to make his presence known to Getchikoff, Darrell repeated that intonation of the flute which had so surprised Lashley in the Parisian cafe. The sharp sound reached Getchikoff's ears, and he recognized it. Darrell had the satisfaction of witnessing the nervousness of his enemy, and he was piping lustily when he heard the creaking of the door behind him. He snatched the big pen (not, of course, a necessary part of the musical performance) from his pocket and turned to face Kevski, the guard.

"Where did you get a flute?" demanded Kevski.

"I have had it in my pocket all along," said Darrell. "It is not exactly a flute. It is an American instrument."

"Why were you permitted to retain it?"

"My friend," said Darrell, who had solved this puzzle by long study, "it was safer to let me carry my own property out of Stavropol than to leave it behind. When prisoners' goods are ordered to be destroyed, they have a habit of turning up again, as you are aware. And mine would prove me an American."

"You are not a Russian; I know that," responded Kevski. "Is your name really Sergius Bilowski?"

"It is not. My name, my friend, is Darrell. I am an American."

Kevski seemed to be impressed.

"American? Ah! That is the place!" he said. "They have no prisons there!"

"Oh, hold on now! They do have prisons. We are not all angels," said Darrell. "And prisons are necessary in every land. But in America one must commit a crime to be sent to prison."

"I know, I know," said Kevski, eager to display his knowledge of the distant land of freedom. "My cousin, Andrea Kevski, is there. He wrote me a letter once. He is now a merchant, and his children go to school. He sits every Sunday in a church, and no inspector of police penetrates his house in his absence. It is a great country, that America."

"It is, indeed," said Darrell. "I wish it could know where I am. I think Stavropol would be treated to a sensation."

"Hush! My cousin says that in America your people treat our people with friendship. He says that it is a great country, where railroads go every day, that many of our people have large farms, and the taxes are so light that they can save money. Is it so?"

"I think so. I know that there are many Russian villages in our great west."

"So. That is what my cousin called it. But I know little of these things. Could I get to America?"

"Well, if it was really an object and I got out of here, I think you might reach America."

Kevski seemed to think that the conversation had gone far enough in this direction. He suddenly asked to see the musical instrument, which he examined with childish wonder, making a laughable attempt to extend a tone from it. Then he returned it and hastily left the cell. That evening Darrell had a much better supper than usual. On subsequent occasions the conversation was resumed, and at last Kevski was led to a definite statement regarding the possibilities of escape.

"It can be done," he said. "The officers of the prisoner trains do not care for persons. They convey only names. You are Sergius Bilowski. There are in Gredskov men who have lived in the north and whose friends are near the Urals. One can be found to take your name and place."

"Very good. That gets him to Siberia. But what about me?"

"You and I must find a way to get to America."

"Well, find it," replied Darrell. "Have no fear."

"The days now passed less miserably. Kevski proved to be a youth of intelligence, and the hours spent in telling him about America shortened the prison days for Darrell.

"Soon we shall be away from here," said Kevski one day when a month had been spent in the Gredskov prison. "Orders have come to form a prison train for Siberia."

"Are there many to go?"

"Yes, many. You see, there is war in the Caucasus since you came to Gredskov. The Cossacks have risen."

"A revolt?" said Darrell. "Who leads it?"

"A mysterious prince called Motman Khan. No one knows who he is. But he holds all the Cossacks in his power. Prince Kiklar, the traitor, is one of the leaders also."

"Kiklar?" said Darrell.

"He fell to studying. What might this new turn of events mean to him? With the mysterious Motman Khan he had nothing to do, but Kiklar he would have given much to see. For undoubtedly, by Vora's fate must in some way be connected with this revolt of the Cossacks. He even cherished the hope that she might have escaped the snares of the Getchikoffs and have joined the revolutionaries in the field. That, indeed, would be had enough, for the power of the Russian government could not be overthrown, and the fate of the leaders of such a revolt would surely be death. He had now a triple reason to desire freedom, and he prayed heaven that Kevski had planned well. The man had become reckless and had begun to show traces of anxiety."

"The Cossacks are coming," he said one day. "A small force that was sent from Stavropol to meet them has been cut to pieces. Motman Khan, the victorious prince, is on his way to Gredskov. There are here about 200 Cossacks accused of one crime or another. All to be sent to Siberia. Motman Khan is coming to reduce the city and free his people."

"Tell me, Kevski," asked Darrell, "is there any word of a woman in this thing?"

"Woman! Oh, no!" answered Kevski, stalling. "Women do not lead revolutions."

"Some of them might well do it. You are sure there is no mention made of a woman's name?"

"No," Kevski laughed. "The only name spoken is the name of Motman Khan. He has a large army. It is armed with good guns and cannon. It was raised almost in a night, they say. Motman Khan is almost a god to his people. They worship him and follow him to death. Village after village has been taken. Russian rule is broken in the mountains. Gredskov is doomed unless the governor general sends us aid. His son was here to examine the defenses, but he left few men to re-enforce the garrison."

"And what then, Kevski?"

Kevski shrugged his shoulders.

"Then we shall all be put to the sword. You may not be, for Motman Khan will not kill the prisoners. They are mostly his own people. He will give them all a chance to join his army."

Darrell heard this with a leap of the heart. It was the chance he wanted. It would bring him within the Cossack lines and give him an opportunity to search for Vera among her mother's people.

One day the booming of heavy guns was heard, and there was a commotion in the walled city.

Kevski came to the dungeon pale with terror.

"We are doomed!" he cried. "There will be no America for us. Motman Khan is attacking the city with his army, and no help has come from Stavropol!"

"But we may escape and join Motman Khan," said Darrell.

"Furies of hell!" cried Kevski. "That is the worst of it. The commander of the city, General Stanovitch, has issued orders to the captain of the guard to kill all the prisoners and put all the prison guards under arms on the city walls."

"That's pleasant," said Darrell. "Are you to do the killing in my case?"

"God! Do not speak!" exclaimed Kevski, with white lips. "I mean what I say! Hear the trumpet! The captain of the guard is coming! There is just one chance for you! I risk my life to give it! Follow me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Future of War.

The first and most important lesson which will be learned from the next great naval battle, will be that "armored protection will not protect, and that the light will be a duel between battleships at long range, aided by various forms of torpedo boats and light unarmored cruisers, throwing high explosives; and these latter will be the factors which will determine the light. The heavy armor-plated will be discarded, and then there will be a wild scramble by the nations in the endeavor to make up for the lost time wasted on its construction, and light and very swift unprotected war vessels will be constructed, depending for their safety upon their speed and upon their own ability to strike death-dealing blows. These are the true principles which must sooner or later be recognized.

The British government now proposes building a still larger and heavier battleships, and, of course, enormously more expensive. Within the next decade, and sooner, in the event of a great war, this will be learned by the British war office to be a great mistake.—Hudson Maxim, in Popular Science Monthly.

How Chinese Became Laundrymen.

Chow Tze-chi, the Chinese consul of this city, is anxious to raise the social condition of his compatriots. He believes they could fill clerical positions advantageously to business men as well as to themselves, and obtain a better standing in the country than they now possess. He has given much thought to the subject of why they have made laundry work a specialty here, and believes he has found the reason. "When my countrymen first began to come to this country," he said, "in any numbers, mining was the great industry of California, and they drifted to the mining towns. There, I suppose, they were obliged to do their own washing, and not being strong enough for the heavy work of mining, they gradually undertook to do the washing for the miners, became expert at it, and gradually adopted it as a profession. Work of this kind is never done by men in China."

—N. Y. Times.

Lady Artist—Since we have been married, I have been trying to cultivate my husband's taste to love the beautiful and ignore the unattractive.

Her Dear Friend—Do you think you're wise?—London Sketch.

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DOZEN DROWNED

By Capsizing of Lifeboat Off
Monomoy Station

SEVEN WERE LIFESAVERS

Who Had Taken Other Men From a
Stranded Barge—Hard Efforts to
Reach Shore in Tremendous Sea—
But One Survivor of Disaster

Chatham, Mass., March 18.—Seven brave lifesavers, practically the entire crew of the Monomoy station, on the south end of Cape Cod, met death yesterday at their post of duty, and with them in the treacherous sea which capsized the lifeboat went five men from the stranded barge Wadena, whom they vainly tried to bring in safety to the shore. One John Leland Ellis, through the heroic work of Captain Mayo of another stranded barge, the John C. Fitzpatrick, was rescued from the bottom of the upturned boat just as he was about to follow his companions to their watery grave.

Among those lost was William N. Mack of Cleveland, who was on the barge representing his company, the Bontell Towing and Transportation company of that city, while Captain Marshall N. Eldridge, one of the oldest lifesavers on the coast, went down with his men. All the lifesavers came from Chatham and Norwick, and all leave families. There is no government pension for those whose husbands and fathers are lost in the lifesaving service, so that the lot of these families is a hard one. The names of those who were lost yesterday are as follows:

Lifesavers—Marshall N. Eldridge, keeper; Edgar Small, Eljah Kendrick, Osborn Chase, Arthur Rogers, Isaac T. Foye and Valentine Nickerson. From the barge—William H. Mack, Cleveland; Captain Christian Olsen, Boston; Robert Molanox, Boston; Walter Axew and Manuel Eos, both of Cottage City.

The scene of the accident was in the well known tide rips off Monomoy Point, which broke down from Chatham into Nantucket sound. Last Thursday the barge Wadena and John C. Fitzpatrick, on the way up to Boston with cargoes of coal, stranded on the Shoofull shoal, about three quarters of a mile off Monomoy Point. Sunday night the tug Peter Smith ran alongside the Wadena and told those on board that a storm was coming on. All the wreckers were taken on board the tug with the exception of the five men who met their fate yesterday. Mr. Mack refused to leave. About 8 o'clock the captain decided to run into Hyannis, a distance of about 15 miles, leaving the barge still stranded.

Captain Eldridge, who had been watching the barge very closely, thought he sighted signals of distress on the Wadena yesterday forenoon. At that time the captain was about a mile below the station, near the point. He at once sent word to the station for the crew and the surfboat and about 10 o'clock the men came down the beach. At that time the wind was blowing nearly a gale from the southeast. The crew had no difficulty in getting off, and it was a comparatively easy pull until they rounded the point. There they met the full force of the wind and the sea, but as the tide was running to the westward, the lust of the ebb, the water was not particularly rough. Nevertheless it took the crew nearly an hour to reach the barge. By that time the tide had turned to the eastward and a fierce cross-sea had been kicked up by the gale.

Captain Eldridge started the tossing lifeboat under the lee of the Wadena, and one after another the five men dropped into the boat. With the wind astern it seemed comparatively easy to gain the smooth waters behind the point, but finally a tremendous sea caught the boat under the stern and she went over, throwing all the men into the water. The lifesavers clung to the boat and managed to pull the Wadena men along with them. An attempt was made to right the boat, but the lifesavers only managed to get her partially cleared. They had some hope, however, of finally reaching land, until another wave capsized her again and left them all struggling in the water.

Mr. Mack was the first to succumb, and one by one they dropped away until there were only four left, and these by the utmost exertions managed to clamber up on the bottom of the overturned boat. All were fearfully exhausted and were being constantly swept by the heavy seas. The four men drifted down in the direction of the Fitzpatrick, where Captain Mayo of that boat caught sight of them. With great daring he dropped a dory overboard and jumping into it started after the exhausted men. Before he reached the boat three of them had fallen off into the sea and had been carried away, but Ellis managed to hold on and caught the rope which Captain Mayo threw to him. He was dragged aboard and then Captain Mayo pulled around the point into the smooth water and landed the only survivor of the 13 who started from the barge. Ellis was too exhausted to give any account of his experience for two or three hours after getting ashore.

A Youthful Pyromaniac
Providence, March 17.—For the next 10 years Catherine Conley, 11 years old, will be kept under restraint, the authorities having conclusively demonstrated to Judge Sweetland that the girl is dangerous to the public safety because of her propensity for starting fires.

For Brave Men's Families
Boston, March 19.—It does not take Boston long to start a fund for a worthy cause, and the news of the bravery of the men at Monomoy who lost their lives in trying to save others and who left families in distress was no sooner read than a more for relief was started. Lee, Higginson & Co. are receiving subscriptions.

COMING TO NEWPORT.



Captain Richmond P. Holson, the hero of the Merrimack, will speak on "The Navy and the Nation" at the Newport Opera House, on Friday evening, April 18, under the auspices of William Eldry Chapter, D. A. R. Tickets, 50c. Reserved Seats, 75c.

CLOSING CHAPTER

Freight Handlers Return to
Work at Boston

NEARLY ALL REINSTATED

Conditions of Employment Are but
Slightly Changed From Those Pre-
viously Existing—An Independent
Strike of a Few Longshoremen

Boston, March 18.—The great strike of last week, involving 20,000 union men, was completely wiped out yesterday, when practically every man went back to his work under conditions but slightly changed from those existing when the trouble began. The only incident in the labor situation is the strike of 75 longshoremen at the Clyde line wharves. This is not actually an offshoot of the big strike, but an independent strike brought about by two disgruntled workmen. On Sunday night the meeting of the Longshoremen's union was so warm and the attitude of the men so threatening that the forecast was for trouble at the wharves of several of the coastwise steamer docks. Yesterday practically all the longshoremen applied for and got work, thus solving the freight problem on the water front.

At the freight sheds of the railroads the number of men left without immediate employment was less than 500, but during the day most of the men were used in one way or another, somewhere, in the effort to move freight expeditiously. The state board of arbitration was in touch with every point and wherever a question arose between the men and their employers good offices were exercised.

About noon 75 men on the Clyde line struck because two men taken back did not get their old places, although given work. The board of arbitration does not consider this a part of the general strike, but is endeavoring to settle it.

Blondin in Jail

Boston, March 17.—J. W. Blondin, under indictment for the murder of his wife, whose body was found in the Chestnutford woods last summer, was brought here from New York by Officer Chapman and Detective Rhoads and Proctor. They were driven to the state police headquarters. For nearly two hours the party remained in the office, but nothing was given out to the newspaper men waiting in the corridor. Blondin did not appear at all nervous. Shortly after midnight the officers took their prisoner to Cambridge jail, where he was formally delivered to Sheriff Fairbairn.

No Proof of Bribery

Fall River, Mass., March 19.—The committee appointed by the city government to investigate the charges of bribery made against City Clerk Brayton by President Riley of the common council and Councilman Costigan, gave a hearing last night and after hearing three witnesses voted unanimously not to sustain the charges. The three witnesses were the two councilmen who had made the charges and Brayton.

Trolley Car Went Astray

Fall River, Mass., March 19.—A large vestibule electric car jumped the track in Portsmouth, R. I., last night, with 21 passengers aboard, and several of them were injured, but none seriously. The car left the track without warning and pounded over the ground for 60 feet, bringing up with terrific force against a stone wall. The running part of the car was considerably above up.

Mrs Munsey Bailed

Concord, N. H., March 19.—Bail was secured for Mrs. Martha S. Munsey yesterday and she left the Merrimack county jail for her home in Pittsfield. Mrs. Munsey is wanted in Massachusetts for the alleged uttering of forged bills and her case is to come before the supreme court on the question of the legality of the Massachusetts indictment.

NEW REGULARS IN CHARGE

Dr. Reuben O. Evans, a well known eye specialist of Malden, Mass., took up his new office yesterday. He was sitting in his office when he was hit by a train at Lynn, N. H. Death is supposed to have resulted from apoplexy.

A man supposed to be Thomas J. Seavey of Boston was struck and killed by a train at Lynn, N. H.

A gift of \$15,000 will be made Allen, Mass., for a library by Andrew Carnegie, under the usual conditions, which the town will accede to.

Patrick McDermott, aged 61, fell downstairs at Amesbury, Mass., and received injuries which caused his death.

George L. Littlefield, a prominent banker, died at his home at Pawtucket, R. I. He was a candidate for governor, on the Democratic ticket three years ago. Mr. Littlefield was 78 years old.

The unions of Fall River have started an agitation for an eight-hour day which bids fair to involve members of the allied trades.

Charles P. Scamman, president of the Scamman Manufacturing company of Portland, Me., died after a long illness. Mr. Scamman made many labor saving appliances, mostly relating to the manufacture of wooden toothpicks.

Andrew Carnegie has offered to give Littleton, N. H., \$15,000 for a public library building under the usual conditions. These conditions will undoubtedly be accepted.

The lumber finishing mill of James D. Johnson at Newport, R. I., was destroyed by fire, resulting in a loss of \$25,000.

Harvard university undergraduates have started an open subscription for the relief of Boer women and children at present confined in concentration camps.

The Bath, Me., board of trade passed a resolution urging Congressmen Littlefield to do all in his power to aid liberal reciprocal measures between the United States and Cuba.

The well known stallion, J. H. Shedd, was burned to death, together with 11 other horses, in a fire which destroyed the livery stable of John Chadwick at Penacook, N. H. The loss is about \$3000.

Schooner James H. Talbot, which was in collision with the steamer State of Maine off Cape Elizabeth, has been towed to Thomaston, Me. Her bow is badly stove and her head gear gone.

A gift of \$25,000, provided \$75,000 also is raised, is promised to the Franklin Square House, a Boston institution. The donor's name is not made known. The Franklin Square House is the New England Conservatory of Music, which is to be vacated July 1, to be reoccupied as a home for working young women.

The Harvard university library has received a gift of \$1070.30, given by the friends of Robert F. Simms, '85, to establish a permanent fund, the income of which shall be used for the purchase of recently published books.

John Morrison, who escaped from jail

at Auburn, Me., a short time ago, has been recaptured. He was serving a sentence for larceny.

The following fourth class postoffices will be advanced to the presidential class April 1: Kensington, Conn.; South Deerfield, Mass.; Enfield, N. H.; and Auburn and Manville, R. I.

Corydon Page, a lumber operator widely known in Maine and Massachusetts, died at his home at Abbott, Me., as a result of taking acetic acid with suicidal intent. He was 52 years old.

A gift of \$20,000 to the Harvard college observatory is announced. It is anonymous and no restrictions are placed upon the expenditure of the fund.

Judge Pierce, in superior court at Worcester, Mass., named Edwin Brown receiver of the Flexible Door and Shutter company of Worcester, incorporated under the laws of Maine and capitalized at \$500,000. The action is one of protection to stockholders as it is said the business has outgrown its paid in capital.

Mrs. John Oates was found dead in her bed at Lowell, Mass. She had been suffocated by the fumes from a gas stove. The death was purely accidental.

Gloucester fishing schooner A. E. Whyland, which was abandoned at sea off Scituate Jan. 31, and was picked up by the schooner Massachusetts and towed into Canso, N. S., has arrived at Boston.

MILES IS AROUSED

Says He Will Resign If Root
Army Bill Is Passed

DESTROYS UNITY OF ARMY

Illustrates Beneficial Effect of One
Head in Time of Emergency—Gen-
eral May Have Exposed Himself to
Disciplinary Treatment

Washington, March 21.—General Nelson A. Miles yesterday told the senate committee on military affairs that if the bill introduced by Senator Hawley at the instance of the war department for the organization of a general staff for the army should become a law he would decline to longer hold his commission. "The reason he gave for the statement is that the bill is utterly subversive of the interests of the military establishment, and he said that he would not be a party to such a proceeding to the extent even of continuing to hold his place. The statement was made in the course of a prolonged hearing by the committee which was conducted behind closed doors, and in which General Miles touched upon a variety of subjects connected with the army.

The portion of the bill to which he directed his special criticism is that contained in section 7, reading as follows: "That from and after the passage of this act the senior officer of the army shall be assigned to command such portion of the army as the president may direct, or be detailed to duty in the general staff corps. All duties prescribed by law for the commanding general of the army shall be performed by the chief of the general staff or other general officer designated by the secretary of war; provided that so long as the present lieutenant general of the army continues in the active list he shall be the chief of the general staff, and upon the separation from active service of said lieutenant general of the army, said office, except as herein provided, shall cease and determine."

General Miles said that if this provision should become a law it would have the effect of destroying the unity of the army, and he read numerous authorities, including Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Cass and Grant to show the necessity of having one head to the army and of controlling authority. His own experience and observation had, he said, had the effect of confirming those views, and he gave an illustration of his beneficial effect in time of emergency, instancing the beginning of the war with Spain.

"I heard at midnight," he said, "that the Spanish fleet had been located definitely at Santiago, and I hastened to the home of Secretary Long, where the news was confirmed. Shafter was then at Tampa, and I sat down there in the secretary's house and wrote a dispatch directing him to start immediately for Santiago, with the result that the army was soon on its way to the point where its presence was needed."

He added, exhibiting the message which he had sent to General Shafter, "suppose I had been compelled to get around to a dozen or more uniforms, as many colonels and any number of generals constituting a general staff?"

The news of General Miles' statements before the military committee of the senate excited great interest in the war department when it became known there late in the day. There was a very general inquiry as to whether Miles had not exposed himself to disciplinary treatment. The answer to this must be based on the exact amount of privilege which attaches to testimony given before a committee of congress.

Had Saved Many Lives

Hull, Mass., March 20.—Captain Joshua James of the Point Alorton lifesaving station dropped dead yesterday while drilling his men. Death was due to heart failure. Captain James was in his 77th year, and was one of the best known lifesavers in the country. He was given a medal by the government for his splendid service during one winter, when with his men he saved the crews of several vessels driven ashore. He had many narrow escapes from death.

Hetty Green's Husband Dead

Bellows Falls, Vt., March 20.—Edward Green, husband of Hetty Green, died at his home here yesterday. Mr. Green, who was 70 years old, had been an invalid for several years. He was a pioneer in the East India trade and made a fortune. He married Harriet H. Robinson, daughter of a New Bedford Quaker, who, dying, bequeathed millions to her.

Good News From Sugar Camps

Pownal, Vt., March 19.—In the past week roads have been broken into the maple sugar groves in southern Vermont and the season is now in full swing. An excellent run of sap is reported. From the present outlook the crop will probably exceed that of the last two years.

Gems Brought \$25559 at Auction

Burlington, Vt., March 20.—An auction sale of 201 insect diamonds, seized from the person of Hiest Stavitsky by the United States authorities while Stavitsky was en route from Montreal, was held yesterday. The gems were sold for \$2559 to Stern Brothers of New York.

Hundred Million For Good Roads

Washington, March 19.—Representative Otis of Virginia yesterday introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000,000 as a "good road fund" to improve the highways of the country.

Convicted of Manslaughter

Boston, March 19.—Antonio Francis was convicted by a jury in the superior criminal court yesterday of manslaughter in causing the death of Giovanni Cella. The defendant shot Cella Dec. 31 at a house in Everett street. The men had had some trouble over a woman. Francis was given eight to ten years in state prison.

Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with
Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 453 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Free With Every Package of
Pillsbury's Oat Food
We give you a Package of
VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD.

RALSTON HOMINY GRITS.

PURINA PAN-CAKE FLOUR.

S. S. THOMPSON,

Postal Station No. 1.

172 TO 176 BROADWAY.

ANNUAL
REDUCTION
SALE.

We shall not attempt to advertise a
"Hurrah Sale" of these goods—as that style of
doing business is entirely out of our line.

Every few days something is marked down
simply because things don't come out even.

Our entire stock of broken lines in all de-
partments reduced in like proportion, irre-
spective of regular selling price.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH AT THIS SALE.

**Newport One Price
Clothing Co.,**

208 THAMES STREET. 208

Grand Spring Opening in Millinery

—AT—

SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET.

Wednesday & Thursday.

March 26th & 27th.

EASTER ATTRACTION.

Exquisite Design of

**PATTERN HATS and
TOQUES.**

Endless Display of all the Newest

Millinery Novelties.LADIES are invited to call
on above dates.

NO CARD SENT OUT.

SCHREIER'S,
143 Thames Street.

EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

—AND—

Black Grain Boots!

ALSO

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

LODGE ROOMS

OR

SOCIETY ROOMS

TO LET IN THE

MERCURY BUILDING, 182 and 184
Thames St.HANDSOME LARGE HALL, well fur-
nished for Lodge purposes with either
two or three ante-rooms may be desired.**For Rent.**Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either
furnished or unfurnished. Possession given
on April 1st. Enquire of the

MERCURY OFFICE.



Nature's Danger Signals.

Do your eyes blur at times? Do they hurt
after reading? Are there frequent headaches?
Are the muscles around the eyes drawing
wrinkles and crow's feet?

They are Nature's Danger Signals.

Only when sight is gone is the terrible danger
realized. It costs so little to help the eyes,
if done in time. We can give the early help
and our advice is free. If you don't need
glasses we tell you so.**H. A. Heath & Co.,**

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

162 Thames Street. - Newport.

THE OLD RELIABLE

SHOE STORE, 186
Thames St.Has the most up-to-date RE-
PAIRING & RENOVATING
SHOP in the city.

M. S. HOLM.

Tickets and Drafts on the Old
Country For Sale.

28

HOW HOBSON DID IT.

The Merrimack was heading about west-southwest. The engine telegraph was turned to "slow speed ahead," the helm put astaboard, and we gathered headway and swung round by the northward and stood off slowly on the starboard. The moon was about an hour and a half high, and steering for the Morro, we were running straight down the reflected path of light. To clear this we stood to the eastward of the course, and except along obliquely at about four knots. Charette was sent to see that all the men were equipped and the revolver loaded. It took only a short time to equip all uniforms, and put on revolver-belts and life-preservers. Charette soon came back and reported that all the men were equipped except the two below, who had slipped to breech-clothes, and who asked permission to leave their revolver-belts and life-preservers at the head of the hatch on account of the inconvenience in working engines and boilers.

We were within five hundred yards, and still not taken from the enemy, though the silence was ominous. All we should make the channel now, no matter what they might do. I knew how long the vessel carried headway, we were making nearly nine knots, and soon the flood-tide would help, while we had over seven thousand tons of reserve buoyancy that would carry us the required distance even under a mortal wound.

Another ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have passed astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a pike-bolt—with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he is firing at our rudder, and we shall be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length. If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could dispose of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The ammunition due this gallant little pike-bolt did not come till afterward. Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the look for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir," called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room. If telegraph and signal-rod should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning. Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for the benefit of the helmsman. Then over the engine telegraph went the order: "Stop." Sure and steady the answer-pistol turned. There had been no anxiety about the constancy of the brave men below.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. Oh, heaven! Our steering-gear was gone, shot away at the last moment, and we were charging forward straight down the channel.

It is difficult to state just how the steering-gear was disabled. The Spanish Lieutenant in charge of the pike-bolt claimed that he shot away the rudder and the whole stern structure. It is certain, however, that he had not done this up to a point within half a ship's length from the position where the helm was ordered to be put over. As referred to further on, Montague reported a large projectile wrecking the stern structure as it cut the anchor flange. This shell may have destroyed the rudder-head in addition. Charette reported that when he was examining the torpedo connections after they had failed to fire, he noticed that the chain that led from the filler to the wheel on the bridge along the upper deck had been shot away. The steering-gear may have been disabled thus in any one or in all of these ways.

We must have had four and three quarters knots' speed of our own, and the tide must have been fully a knot and a half. What ground-tackle could hold against a mass of over seven thousand tons moving with a velocity of six knots? We stood on a little longer to reduce the speed further. A pull on Murphy's cord to stand by—three steady pulls—the bow anchor fell. A puff, then a shock, a rattled ring above the blast of guns—torpedo No. 1 had gone off promptly and surely, and I knew that the collision bullet had been gone.

If the bow chain in breaking would only give us a sheer and the other torpedoes proved as sure, we should have had a short interval to float, and holding on to the stern anchor, letting go only at the last moment, we might still effectively block the channel. An interval elapsed and grew longer—no answer from torpedo No. 2, none from No. 3. Thereupon I crossed the bridge and shouted: "The all torpedoes!" My voice was drowned. Again and again I yelled the order, with hands over mouth, crushing the sound forward, backward, all.

It was useless. The rapid-fire and machine-gun batteries on Morro side had opened up at full blast, and projectiles were exploding and clanging. For noise, it was Niagara magnified. Soon Charette came running up. "For torpedoes 2 and 3 will not fire, sir; the cells are short and all over the deck." "Very well; lay down and undress all the lights, beginning at No. 1, and spilling them as soon as possible." At a moment No. 3 went off with a flare. Deagan had waited for No. 2 and No. 3, and not hearing them had tried his own, but had found the connections broken and the cells shattered. He went down to Chansen at No. 5, and other torpedo responded. No. 6, No. 7, had suffered the same fate as Nos. 2, 3, and 4. With only two torpedoes we should be some time sinking, and the stern anchor would be of first importance. I determined to go down all and stand over to direct it personally letting go at the opportune moment.

There was nothing further to do but to accept the situation. We mustered, counting heads, and thought all were present; but we must have counted wrongly, for after a minute or two Kelly came across the deck on all fours. He had done his duty below with promptness and precision, and had come on deck to stand by his torpedo. While putting on his life-preserver a large projectile had exploded close at hand,—he thought against the mainmast,—and he had been struck down with violence on the deck, face down.

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We were now moving bodily onward with the tide, Estrella Point being just ahead of the starboard quarter. A blinding shock, a lift, a pull, a series of vibrations, and a mine exploded directly beneath us. My heart leaped with exultation. "Lads, they are helping us!" I looked to see the deck break, but it still held. I looked over the side to see her settle at once, but the rate was only slightly increased. Then came the thought, could it be that the coal had denuded the deck and choked the breach, or had the breach been made just where we were already flooded by sea connection and torpedo No. 2? A sense of indescribable disappointment swept over me. I looked again to see encouragement. But all we have stopped, Estrella Point had caught us strong, and we were steadily sinking two thirds afloat. The work was done, and the rest was only a question of time.

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Another ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have passed astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a pike-bolt—with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he is firing at our rudder, and we shall be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length. If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could dispose of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The ammunition due this gallant little pike-bolt did not come till afterward. Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the look for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir," called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room. If telegraph and signal-rod should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning. Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for the benefit of the helmsman. Then over the engine telegraph went the order: "Stop." Sure and steady the answer-pistol turned. There had been no anxiety about the constancy of the brave men below.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. Oh, heaven! Our steering-gear was gone, shot away at the last moment, and we were charging forward straight down the channel.

It is difficult to state just how the steering-gear was disabled. The Spanish Lieutenant in charge of the pike-bolt claimed that he shot away the rudder and the whole stern structure. It is certain, however, that he had not done this up to a point within half a ship's length from the position where the helm was ordered to be put over. As referred to further on, Montague reported a large projectile wrecking the stern structure as it cut the anchor flange. This shell may have destroyed the rudder-head in addition. Charette reported that when he was examining the torpedo connections after they had failed to fire, he noticed that the chain that led from the filler to the wheel on the bridge along the upper deck had been shot away. The steering-gear may have been disabled thus in any one or in all of these ways.

We must have had four and three quarters knots' speed of our own, and the tide must have been fully a knot and a half. What ground-tackle could hold against a mass of over seven thousand tons moving with a velocity of six knots? We stood on a little longer to reduce the speed further. A pull on Murphy's cord to stand by—three steady pulls—the bow anchor fell. A puff, then a shock, a rattled ring above the blast of guns—torpedo No. 1 had gone off promptly and surely, and I knew that the collision bullet had been gone.

Treatment of Colds.

This is a subject of perennial interest and one about which much has been written, but with results disappointingly small, "combating" the constitutional link. The truth is that a cold is due to an almost infinite variety of causes; some local, some generally, some readily avoidable, some practically inevitable; and no one method will prove effective in all cases.

Very few are the fortunate individuals who never have colds, and most of those living in our northern climate must be resigned to having one or two in the course of the winter; and one who takes cold readily and often is not in a healthy condition, and should seek medical advice. The cause in such a case may be local, consisting in some maladjustment in the interior of the nose which keeps the mucous membrane in an irritable state. This fault in anatomical construction can usually be remedied by an operation which is seldom resorted to. But before resorting to this the general system should be questioned in order to determine whether or not the fault lies with that. Often this is the case, even when a nasal deformity also exists.

One of the chief predisposing causes of a cold is a disordered digestion, especially intestinal digestion, as a result of overeating or the use of alcohol. It has been said that an underfed man cannot catch cold, while an overfed one can scarcely avoid it. Whether this is strictly true or not, there is certainly some close relation between the digestive organs and the nose; and function of the bowels is a frequent forerunner of a cold.

The advice that one "must stuff a cold and stave a fever" is pernicious—a cold is a fever, and one of the best means of cutting it short is to take a laxative, abstain almost entirely from food for twenty-four hours, and drink two or three quarts of cool water.

Another "popular remedy," which is really an aggravator, is a "hot toddy" at bedtime. A hot drink, hot lemonade, for example, is good, and the subsequent sweat is good, if the sleeper does not throw off the bedclothes the minute he drops off, but the alcoholic addition is not merely superfluous but injurious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present.

Cool bathing, deep breathing, daily exercise in the open air, fresh air in the house at all times, and especially in the bedroom at night, abstemious living, and not letting waste materials accumulate in the body—these are the best means of removing one's tendency to catch cold.—Youth's Companion.

The Death Valley Borax.

In 1880 Aaron Winters lived with his wife Rosie in a gulch known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of Death Valley. He was so fond of his wife that he would not allow her to be long absent from him, although their little lot on the side of the mountain was 100 miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged, forsaken country.

One day a desert tramp came along and spent the night at the Winters home. He told the hunter about the borax deposits of Nevada. When he went away Winters thought that he had seen deposits of the same kind on his explorations into Death Valley.

Accordingly he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which, when combined with borax and ignited, would produce a green flame.

Having procured a piece of the substance which he believed to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it turn?

For years they had lived like Plato's in the desert, entirely without luxuries and after waiting for the very necessities of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the substance with a trembling hand, then shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosie! We're rich! We're rich!"

They had found borax. The mine was sold for \$20,000 and Winters took his Rosie to a ranch in Nevada.—The Chicago Tribune.

New Hotel Rules.

A hotel in Georgia has adopted the following rules for the guidance of its guests, says the Houston Post:

The motto of the hotel is: "Do unto others as they will do you."

There are three departments—upstairs, downstairs, and outdoors. Outdoors is the cheapest.

If the bell in your room is broken bring the towel.

No alarm clock furnished by the management. Before retiring wind up your bed and hear the ticks.

To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table we will have no fruit.

Any one wishing to take a drive after lunch can repair to the woodshed and drive nails.

Guests having nightmare will find the harness in the closet.

Thirteen at the dinner table is a bad sign. It is a sign that we will have no supper.

Each room supplied with a handsome chromo-card with the following inscription: "Honesty is the Best Policy."

If the bell is not on the right side of the street, let it be known at the office and it will promptly be removed to the other side.

No spoons allowed on the table occupied by newly married couples. This is to prevent spoiling in public.

Guests are not expected to pay their bills unless they prefer to. We have seen a tree "leave its trunk for board."

Bills of Information.

Twenty-two millions tons of water toll over the cliff of Niagara every hour.

You can be drawn into Niagara when you have other metal except gold.

A snow wall four feet thick is a perfect protection against a life ladder at fifty yards distance.

A small glass shell which had germinated while in a perfect egg, has just been removed by a Japanese dentist.

The first steamer on the Rhine—a Dutch one—was in 1822, fifteen years after Fulton had started a steamship service on the Hudson.

The pent lots of the German empire are estimated to cover 4,022,000 acres. To make use of this fact in a profitable way is a problem for science to solve.

Chinese quack doctors in the vicinity of foreign hospitals in the far interior hang out foreign flags instead of "Care according to the foreign doctor's plan."

Switzerland has, at Basle, salt mines which have been worked for 345 years. The galleries are twenty-five miles in length, and the profit \$75,000 a year.

The greatest bay in the world is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from the two enclosing peninsulas its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

A wine cask which holds ninety-seven thousand gallons, and is the largest ever built, may be seen at Milwaukee, Cal. The steel hoops around it weigh forty thousand pounds.

The Sacred Land, long given over to barren desolation, may yet blossom as the rose. Rich deposits of phosphates have been found in the regions of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

One of the English astronomers, Mr. J. J. Arkison, who visited Sumatra to observe the total solar eclipse last May, made the acquaintance of an old Malay, living on a little island near the Sumatra coast, who owned a large monkey which he had trained to work for him in gathering coconuts. The monkey's business was to climb the gleaming coconut palms and throw down the nuts, "which he did," says Mr. Arkison, "in the most artistic manner, by seeing the nuts off with his powerful arms while he hung by his legs reverently to one hundred feet from the ground."

Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, is an Exeter boy and a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy. Like all Exeter men, he is very loyal, and has generously donated examples of his work to both town and academy. A few years ago one of the basins in the academy chapel had the misfortune to lose a nose, and as Mr. French was visiting the town he kindly offered to replace it. Now, it happened that the bust was not the only thing in the academy that needed mending, for the night before a cold snap had frozen and burst the main water pipe. The plumber, as usual, was late in appearing, and the old janitor was terribly upset. Mr. French put on his studio rig, packed what few sculptor's materials he had with him into a bag, and went to the academy. He didn't know what part of the building the statue was in, so he rang the bell, called up the janitor, and said: "I've come to mend the bust." "Lads, it is high time," the janitor yelled never come," stormed the janitor. "The water is just running" and over the bust!"—New York Times.

It is due to Mr. Bryan to say that he has an adequate appreciation of jokes perpetrated at his expense. He retailed a choice collection of them to a company of New York newspaper men the other night. Speaking of the queer things that are said of public men he related an experience where a man came to listen to one of his campaign speeches, occupying a front seat. At the close of the oratory the man came up and grasped him by the hand, exclaiming: "Mr. Bryan, I've listened to and watched a great many speakers, but you're the only man I've heard speak where I could see his back teeth all the time."—Boston Herald.

Gayboy, I say, parson, this lady and myself want to get apliced. Will you oblige us by tying the knot?

Parson. Un-let me see! If I remember correctly I married you and this same lady two years ago.

Gayboy. Right you are, parson. But you see, we were divorced six months ago and now we want to couple up again.

Parson. Well, you'll have to go elsewhere. I'm not running a repair department in connection with my business.—Chicago News.

Judge. What is the charge against the prisoner?

Officer. He is charged with stealing the wardrobe of Dolly Fawcett, now at the Gauley theater.

Judge. Have you any proof of his guilt?

Officer. Yes, Your Honor. The entire wardrobe was found in his vest pocket.—Chicago News.

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Slick Hat Trials.

I am of a light and joyous nature. The Cokelys have always been light and joyous, and I am a Cokely of the Cokelys. There is so much of the boy in me that my wife says I have not enough dignity to last through a burial service. I whistle as I walk; I skip over obstructions; I jump over slippery places on my way to the office. In short, I am carefree and just as young as I was when I cast my first vote, twenty years ago; younger, in fact, for I felt at that time that I was "bowed with the weight of centuries."

For a man of my nature and disposition the proper dress at any and all times is a sack coat and a slouch hat. Your man in a starch hat and a suit coat may be a bank clerk or an artist or even a man in search of a job. He is inconspicuous and may sit on the table of a waiting room with dangling legs if he is not noticed, without exciting more than a passing comment. If he is short of money he can run into a quick lunch place and eat a sandwich and a glass of milk and it is not obligatory on him to tip the waiter. Life in a slouch hat and a sack coat has absolutely no care and responsibilities.

But of this I did not want, in the full sense of waiting, until I had given a slush hat a good trial and it had given me several. Mrs. Cokely and I were invited by the Edgar Brothers of S—, a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, to spend the night at their place and in an evil and slushy mood I decided to wear the slush hat that I bought when I was married. Slush hats do not keep in style forever, but every style comes round again if you wait long enough, and when I took my hat out of its slush hat I found it was at the top-notch of style.

Up to this time I have avoided afternoon functions, and so an evening dress has been the only swaggar article of dress that I possess, but I knew that a slush hat and a sack coat are impossible, so I invested in a frock coat and white vest, and when I looked in my glass and saw the dignified and solemn-looking person that confronted me I felt somehow as if my youth had departed and that senility was coming to me by the Congressional Limited.

But away from the glass my spirits rose, and when my wife and I left the house to walk to the trolley I felt once more like a leaping kid in spite of the weight of my suit case which had the evening clothes of Mrs. Cokely and myself within it.

My wife said I looked like a bank president, and I was sure of it when the greaser drove past, for he generally ignores me on our chance meetings, but now he touched his hat. I rather liked it, for a greaser is an interesting personage, and his goodwill is worth much—at times. And we all have thins.

We came to a skid stretched across the pavement. I was for taking a flying leap across it as I had been wont to do in my sack-coat days, but a restraining arm stopped me, and Mrs. Cokely and I made a long detour into the street. Leap not under a high hat but let that slip by your dignity. But the detour caused me to lose the eye of the conductor of the trolley that was to bear us to the ferry house.

Your slouch hat man would have run for the trolley, but a bank president in a white waistcoat does not do fancy springing in the street, and we saw that car speed on, and it meant the hire of a cab, for we were late.

Just then one of our neighbors, Mrs. Oliver, approached. Quick as the thought I put up thumb and forefinger to grab my slouch hat, and, of course, thumb and forefinger made a vicious stab at my slush, which I had forgotten, and in trying to avoid them it slipped off my head backwards.

Just how Mrs. Cokely caught it I do not know, but she did, and saved it from the mud but not from the furrows of many fingers. I brushed it on my sleeve, brushed vigorously, and felt like kicking a hole in the hat.

I knew that Mrs. Oliver was titling internally and that she saw that high hats and I were but chance acquaintances. Full of indignation I hailed a cab and helping Mrs. Cokely in, I started to get in myself. Already I had forgotten that it was not a slouch hat on my head and I nearly poked a hole in the roof with it. Happily for the cab company, they build their roofs of strong materials and I did no damage to anything that was not mine.

Seated in the carriage and my directions given to the driver I addressed words to the hat that had not quite the color they would have contained had I been alone—and yet they were polite and incoherent.

Mrs. Cokely told me that I acted like a boy and I assured her that unfortunately I did not and could not as long as I wore an infernal high hat. I likened my hat to that box which Pandora opened and felt that like Pandora I would better have kept the lid fastened.

"But you look so well in it, Tom. It gives you dignity."

"Dignity, that's the worst of it. What do I want of dignity? I've got along without it for thirty-five or forty years and it's late for me to load up with any such cargo as that."

Just here we came to the ferry house, and the door was opened by an aged man, who as soon as he saw the suit case and the slush hat, began to help me with great assurance.

An ex-conductor, I have always been able to carry my own bundles, and it galled me to have a beggar trotting at my side with my grip. I put my hand in my pocket and found that all my change consisted of a cent and a silver dollar. Manifestly a man in a slush hat would give more than a cent, and the verdict said would not give less, so it was a dollar or nothing. The fellow spit on it for luck, and put it in his pocket and I could see that he took me for a millionaire, and it gave me the only feeling of happiness that had been mine since I set out.

The fellow wanted to cross the ferry with me, but I said no. I wanted to look as little like a king with his retinue as possible. I didn't mind being taken for a millionaire, but, republican that I was, I drew the line at a king.

The day being fine we stood outside, and I began to whistle for sheer joy of life—for a bracing West wind is an intoxicant. But my wife stopped me short in the first measure, and I realized that lip music under a high hat does not go. I also noticed with some distress that with the exception of a rather flashy-looking gentleman with a red scarf, I was the only man wearing a slush hat on the boat, and yet it was full of prosperous bankers returning from business. That made me feel that perhaps I was on the wrong tack after all. And yet I couldn't whistle. I might be breaking some social canon by wearing a high hat while traveling, but I must cease whistling until I had a slouch and a sack once more.

I always travel in an ordinary car because it is cheaper and I intended doing so this time, high hat and all, but a colored porter stepped up to me, and said

"This way to the Pullman ticket office," and he took my suit case and walked off with it.

I had not moral courage sufficient to tell that porter that I did not care to buy drawing room tickets, so I plunked down some bills and gave him all of the change—which was a considerable sum.

I had hoped that my worries would cease when he deposited my suit case in the car and they did in a measure, for I was able to relax the ache in my head by stowing the hat away in the rack, but when dinner time came I found that I was in for it again. So I took out the three remaining dollars in my pocket and we went into the dining car and squandered two dollars and a half on dinner and tips, and I didn't want either.

Just as we had finished dinner and got back to our seats the train shakened up at our destination, a scraggy little boy just turned 15 of S— and Biddle and his man were at the station waiting for us to disembark. But I noticed that at my hat on a gray sack coat and a slushy hat, and he had been waiting a while.

"A funny old man, you old man, named Mrs. Cokely. How well you are looking." Then he took in my hat and I knew he was thinking things.

"Did you have a box, or," said Biddle's man, who had relieved me of my suit case, but who would get no tip, for I was penniless. He looked toward the train when it was already moving out as if he thought I must have left it behind.

Then I knew that I had been wrong, from that to last; that I should have brought a hatbox and increased the hat before starting, and that I should have worn a soft hat while traveling like any other sensible person, millionaire or vilice boy.

I saw a hat store across the square and quite accidentally but firmly I shook my head and my hat fell under the entrance.

Mrs. Cokely uttered a cry of dismay, and the matron and her husband sprang forward and put a destroying wheel through the course of my sorrow.

As soon as I saw that I would be no more tormented by that hat I whisked and sang and danced up and down on the platform with Biddle and my wife thought I had gone crazy, and Biddle's man had all he could do to keep the horse from running away.

"Never mind getting another slushy hat, it's all right," said Biddle's man, high hat for eyes."

CHARLES BATTLE LOOKS.

A Cause for American Catarrh.

It is a well-known fact that modern changes of temperature induce catarrh and affections, and it is also evident that the best prevention of a "cold" is a ready adaptation to the varying conditions of an uncertain climate. The latter implies a certain resisting quality of the respiratory mucous membranes which must be necessarily developed along rational lines. The hardening processes thus become questions of vitality, habit and environment.

The old Indian explained his immunity against low temperature by explaining that he was "full face." It was with him the habit of exposure to inclemencies and his relative protecting tendency. The other extreme is seen in the coddling process which our modern methods of civilization encourage. When houses were made of willow, the men were made of oak. Our superheated houses reverse these old time conditions.

The dry-hot air of the modern dwelling is undoubtedly the most prolific of all the predisposing causes of catarrhal troubles. The mucous membranes are thus placed in the worst possible condition for resisting the impression of the outside atmosphere. Their natural protective secretions are not only decreased, but the blood supply of the air passages becomes relatively superabundant, congested and sluggish, and the beginning of the end is evident enough. Persons who are lucky in unconsciously these high temperatures often experience a sense of oppression from the same cause. It is the protest of healthy resistance against artificial enfeeblement. Foreigners say with truth that Americans literally bake themselves in their houses, and there is in this connection also much reason for their opinion as to the cause of the American catarrh.—Medical Record.

During the rush hour yesterday afternoon a dignified man entered a well filled Market street car, and tried to work his way in to secure a strap to hang from, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there!" said the passenger.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger.

"Step forward, so we can get inside. Plenty of room up front!"

"If you will attend to your business I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.—Phila. Telegraph.

Rain acts in two ways: (1) chemically, by dissolving certain substances, such as lime, out of the rocks, and (2) mechanically by wearing down their surfaces as it flows over them. Any old building—a ruined castle or cathedral, for instance—shows a "weathered" surface resulting from the action of rain and wind. In sandstone structures the details of carving are often lost, and on old tombstones the lettering can hardly be deciphered. Springs are due to the rain water collecting in rocks and rising to the surface. Rivers are fed by rains and springs.

A local wit was one day discussing the mental incapacity of editors with the late H. C. Bunner. "Now," said he, "what do you think of this: I used to write serious and comic matter for a certain daily, which paid me twenty dollars a column for the humorous stuff and ten dollars for the serious. One day the editor asked me to mark my comic things 'C' and my serious stories 'S', with a blue pencil, that he might tell them apart. Wasn't that pretty tough on him?" "No," replied Bunner with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, "but it was pretty tough on you!"

Coal seams are made up of vegetable remains of former periods. Forests have an important influence on climate and on animal as well as plant life. In the comparatively unknown world of the ocean marine plants doubtless have important functions.

The tail of a fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then on the other using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish is moving fast and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins, just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

Egg Terms.

I am very much inclined to think that every dealer in eggs should be compelled to hang up in his shop, for the enlightenment and benefit of his customers, a sort of glossary, containing such phrases as "Fresh eggs," "New-laid eggs," "Strictly new-laid eggs," "Fresh country eggs" and "Boiled eggs," each phrase being distinctly defined and explained from the dealer's point of view. For, as we all know to our cost, there is a great gulf of difference between each of these phrases, the which, to the uninitiated and unsophisticated customer, accustomed to take the King's English at par, is not apparent till the dealer has come to the point and the dealer is safely out of reach of indictment!

"I want a dozen fresh eggs, the freshest you have," says the customer. "Yes," says the dealer, to whom even the superlative of fresh has a different meaning from that of the customer, as he reaches out to a basket, and fills a paper bag three at a time. When his mind had gone three times in the basket, I thought, a surprising, comes to the buyer—"I suppose you guarantee these fresh eggs?" she says, plucking herself on her knowledge. "No," not these, but we have some we will guarantee." At which the customer, waxes wrath, and demands the guaranteed article. Another time she unsuspiciously asks for "strictly new-laid eggs," and the process of filling the bag begins.

"Did you want them for boiling, miss," queries the dealer. "Certainly," said the amazed woman. "Well, I guess you'd better take the 40c ones," says the creature with unblinking effrontery. Now, if "strictly new-laid eggs" are not for boiling and poaching, what are they for? And what on earth is the meaning of the phrase "strictly new-laid eggs"? If "strictly new-laid eggs" are not to be depended upon, where do slushy "new-laid eggs" come in, and what must be the state of the things that lie in baskets labeled merely "Eggs"?

The sense of confusion that arises in one's mind from the various shades of meaning attached by egg dealers to the phrases mentioned, makes one wonder at times whether one's wits are quite intact. The housekeeper finds to her disgust that to buy so-called "fresh laid eggs" is to have been "let in" for eggs that have a "waugh" smell, instead of being fresh and full to the top, and milky, as eggs so characterized should be. I have counted as many as seven distinct classifications—more or less specious and misleading—of eggs in a window, and am convinced, through long and vexatious experience, that the dealer who has these seven classifications had also, like Ah Sin, another card concealed—another class which he only produced when in danger of losing a sale.

"I have bought eggs marked 'Fresh country eggs' that looked, oh, so fresh! Moreover, they appeared to have been hurriedly collected, because here and there, a suggestive feather or two lined the basket, but black! alas! for my greenness. And I recall a wicked old scheming vendor who brought a huge basket with two crowing hens into it, as a sort of convincing guarantee of the freshness of his wares; taken in by this original and amusing ruse, we had eggs palmed off on us that, though the vendor swore by his gods they had been laid that morning, must have been weeks old. Many experiences of this kind with egg merchants tend to make the buyer of eggs suspicious and chary, and one can be thankful that out of a dozen eggs that the dealer will guarantee absolutely fresh, one gets eight or nine really fresh ones! There seems to be no remedy for this state of affairs. If, however, as I said at first the dealers were compelled to explain definitely just what is meant by the different phrases they use, we might be able to get at least half a dozen fresh eggs when we buy "strictly new laid" ones.—Katherine Leslie, in The Toronto World.

The question, how far can light penetrate a layer of water, and what is the cause of the very various colors of the ocean, have been studied on several scientific voyages during the last ten years. Transparency varies with the color of the water (greatest for blue water), the sun's altitude (greatest for large altitudes), the season of the year (greatest in winter), with the salinity of the water, with the temperature (greatest for low temperatures), with the depth of the water (greatest for deep water), with the cloudiness of the sky (greatest for clear skies), with the disturbance by waves (greatest for calm seas), and so forth. The greatest transparency observed in the Aegean sea was fifty-one yards. Photographic plates were also exposed at various depths, to see how far the chemical rays of sunlight penetrated. Fifty-five experiments at depths varying from 350 to 1325 feet were made, and beyond the latter depth no action at all was observed.

Senator Depew was treading very cautiously on the icy pavement as a stout party called around the corner and struck a sliding track, relates the New York Times.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Depew, who feared that the man had broken a leg, and was much relieved to discover that he had not. "It is very fortunate that you did not fall with your legs under you."

"I should not have fallen had they been under me," retorted the unfortunate, acridly.

And Mr. Depew went chuckling on his way with a fresh cue in his collection.

Deacon Scripps. Humph! Think you've got to have a vacation, eh?

Struggling Pastor. Yes, the doctor says I must go off until this cough is cured.

Deacon Scripps. Well, I'd like to know why preachers are always getting bad coughs.

Struggling Pastor. Well, you see, we have to visit around a good deal, and we are always asked to hold a little service before leaving, and I think our throats become affected from breathing the dust that flies from the family bibles.—N. Y. Weekly.

"This," said the fond father to the dermatological expert, "seems to be a pretty big bill for the treatment you have given my daughter."

"It was a difficult treatment," explained the skin doctor. "You see, we had to remove all the cuticle from her cheeks and graft a new epidermis upon them."

"Well," said the father, reaching for his check-book, "I don't know which one of you skinned the most."

Parson Jackson.—In de mattah ob watamelon, I e'pose you b'lele otob fruits am always sweetest.

Sam Johnson.—I dunno. I ain't nebah eat any out de one kind.—Philadelphia Press.

Women's Dep't.

Begin with the Children.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in the Woman's Journal:

Science has vindicated our right to discuss freely whether our ancestors were wise; let it be as free to ask whether our posterity shall be idiots, knaves, and dwarfs, and if not, by what change in our social institutions such results may be avoided.

The only hope for the progress of the race in political, religious, and social life, lies in the right birth, education, and development of our children. Here is the true starting point of the philosopher. Let the young man who is indulging in all manner of excesses remember that in considering the effect of dissipation on himself, his own happiness or danger, he does not begin to measure the evil of his life. As the high priest at the family altar, his deeds of darkness will inflict untold suffering on generation after generation.

The young woman who spends her life in the giddy round of pleasure, the forces of her intellect, the finer sentiments and affections of the heart, all wasted on trifles, her health sacrificed to fashion,—let her remember that she is not robbing herself only of all the blessings of a noble motherhood, but she is robbing her children of vigorous health and sound moral principles. One of the most difficult lessons to impress on any mind is the power and extent of individual influence, and parents above all others resist the belief that children are exactly what their ancestors make them, no more, no less. Like produces like.

methinks I hear you say, "What can we do, a few hundred people struggling in organized reforms, to roll back the swelling waves of ignorance, poverty, and crime, and lift up the solid masses crowding us on every side?" Let each man mend one, and the world is mended." We cannot overestimate the influence of one individual who sees moral principles clearly, and lives up to his ideal. The same law of inheritance that entails the vices of ancestors hands down the virtues also, and in a greater ratio, for good is positive, active, ever vigilant; it swims up stream, against the current.

Could I give voice to all I see of hope and power at hand, could I make every man and woman feel his and her individual responsibility in the chain of influences that tell on all time and the eternities, we could solemnize in this hour such vows for purer, nobler lives as would make this seeming hereupon work light as the wings of angels. If all the thought, the wealth, the enthusiasm expended in the regeneration of the race, could be devoted to the condition and environment of parents and children; to the study of social science—the whole face of our present civilization might be changed.

Women in Business.

The kindling wood factory owned and operated by Mrs. L. P. Page at Passadumking, Me., is one of the most prosperous industries of that town. The mill was built in 1837 and received its supply of wood from the saw-mills in the vicinity, using more than 4,500 cords of edgings and other waste annually. The wood is cut into blocks two and one-half inches long, which are carried by belts to the dry room, where sixteen girls are employed in operating the presses in which the wood is handled. The output is about ten thousand bundles a day, and thirty teams are employed with a payroll of about \$200 a week. Mrs. Page is considered to be the equal of any man in Passadumking as a business manager, and she has made a great success of the kindling wood factory, which many predicted would be a failure.

A novel exhibition will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, during the month of May. It will be held under the auspices of the Professional Women's League. Everything in which women are professionally engaged or personally interested will be exhibited. The exhibits, it is promised, will range from the newest variety of baby incubator to a steam yacht designed and equipped by a woman to suit the tastes of women. Department will be devoted to women designers, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, barbers, trained nurses, school teachers, dentists, doctors, and to every other profession or business in which women have engaged.

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, announce a work of importance for women in their "Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs" by Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Recording Secretary of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In the course of her work as a leader of women's organizations Mrs. Fox has become deeply impressed with the need of a manual especially adapted for the club woman's use, and in response to many urgent appeals she undertook the supervision of the department of parliamentary law in the Boston Club Woman, which is the official organ of the General Federation. These papers are the basis of the present book, which will be published early in March.

Director of Charities Cooley, of the Cleveland O., workhouse, is getting a good word from women. The principal industry in that institution is broommaking, and the custom has been to pay the women just half as much for their labor as the men, although the records showed that a woman twice as long as a man to work out a fine. The present Director recently declared this discrimination a rank injustice, and he has just abolished it.

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